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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Articles on Europe
Missionary Letters

Published monthly except July and August
by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
1213 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

VOLUME XV

NUMBER 3

March
1934

The Lord is risen indeed!
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

The Lord is risen indeed!
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

The Lord is risen indeed!
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord:
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

—*Thomas Kelly.*

American-European Fellowship

FOR CHRISTIAN WITNESS AND EVANGELIZATION

Fellowship	*Operating Command*	*Evangelization*
John 1:35	John 17:21-23	Romans 10:15-16
		Matt. 28:19

Come Now with Us and Have Partnership in Prayer and in Ministry
for Jesus' Sweet Sake!

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP FOR CHRISTIAN WITNESS AND EVANGELIZATION

combining the Foreign Evangelization Society and
Christian Testimony to Jews

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Objects: To promote unity in evangelistic testimony and effort by cooperation, information and counsel among all the evangelical denominations and missionary and city faculty organizations and societies of the American Continent; to encourage and aid the faculty organization and activities of the Protestant Church, especially evangelistic, among Greeks, Slavs and Roman Catholics; to aid the Rev. E. H. Bancroft, Secretary, in Greece in the Wheat Fields, in Macedonia, and Thessaly.

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1. To encourage Christians of all nationalities in unity and prayer.
2. To co-operate with existing agencies for the spread of the Gospel in Europe.
3. To send workers and help them in Evangelization.
4. To distribute the Scriptures and other Gospel literature.
5. To encourage Christian Missionaries and Workers from the Continent in Europe and among the Jews.
6. To support Evangelistic and Missionary work in the Near East as it presents itself.

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1213 North Franklin Street **Philadelphia, Penna.**

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This magazine is not backed by any church organization or religious denomination. It is published solely to spread missionary information concerning Central and Eastern Europe and to provide spiritual food for its readers. Christian friends subscribing for it help to make it more nearly self-supporting and thus aid the work in general. Prompt renewal of your subscription when it expires will be appreciated.

Notify us at once of change of address, giving both old and new addresses and writing plainly.

We shall be thankful for names and addresses of Christian friends, to whom we may send sample copies of the magazine. We appreciate your sympathetic co-operation with us.

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DEVOTIONAL AND EDITORIAL

Every Day An Easter

By Margaret M. Griffith

OSTARA, a heathen goddess of the Saxons, the personification of the awakening of nature in the spring, gives to English and German speaking peoples the name, Easter. The non-Teutonic nations cling to the Semitic word derived from the Aramaic, the word "pesach" (passover). Thus, the Spanish for Easter is "Pascua"; the French, "Pasques," etc. This latter has in it the true meaning of the Christian festival, the successor to the Jewish Passover. We read that Christ went to Jerusalem before the Passover, there to become "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," symbolized by the slain lamb of Exodus 12.

In the 12th chapter of John, there is what to the natural man must be a great enigma. Christ had reached the height of his popularity. There were the acclamations of the people who would make Him king, crying, "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord"; the hosannas of the children in the temple sounding out their perfect praise; the enforced admission of the Pharisees that the world had gone after Him; and the seeking Greeks, precursors of the glorious spread of the gospel, who "would see Jesus." The multitudes waited tensely. What would Jesus do? He recognized it was a crucial hour. His Father in heaven had planned it. He had lived on the earth thirty-three years to the end of coming to this hour. Majestically He made His reply: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified." Crowned as king, they would suppose, but He graciously sought to teach them otherwise. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground *and die*, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth *much fruit*. He that loveth His life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal" (John 12:24 and 25).

In these words, He would reveal to them two things. This was the hour of His crucifixion. Could they not understand that He would fulfil the Scriptures? Had not David written before of Him: "My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death" (Psa. 22:15); and, again, of His resurrection in Psa. 16:10: "For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." In addition to this, He would have them learn the great principle they must know in order to be His disciples. He unfolds the truth that the cross leads to the crown; suffering must precede glory; death is the gateway to life. For Him, there was but one way—the way of the Cross. His will was one with the Father's. For His disciples, there were two possible ways—their own, and God's. Christ's whole purpose was to wean them from their own way, former manner of life, and old disposition; but they could choose to save their life and lose out with God.

He, the great corn of wheat, was about to die the ignominious death of the Cross—that death which, in the Roman world, meant shame for crime committed, punishment well deserved. He, the sinless Lamb of God, was about to be slain for the sins of the world; He would taste death for every man—not only to triumph over the power of physical death, but also to bridge the dark chasm of separation between the soul of man and God's great heart of love. Thus, He would destroy, or put out of action, him who has the power of death, that is, the devil.

"He who had come from Godhead's fullest glory
Down to Calvary's depth of woe"

would not now falter at the Cross. He had made Himself of no reputation, had emptied Himself, had laid aside all His rights as the eternal Son of God—for in the Glory he was in the form of God, equal with Him—to take upon Himself the form of a servant. Had He not ministered to the needs of the multitudes? Though the divine was united with the human, He laid aside all the rights of deity. All He did was accomplished according to the will of the Father, by the power of the Holy Spirit. And now, being found in fashion as a man, he became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Herein lies the great doctrine of the Kenosis (Phil. 2:5-8). But this is not the end, says Paul: "Our preaching is vain, if Christ be not risen." "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Today, multiplied millions testify to the fact of Christ's death and resurrection, in their own experience of the power of it. They know the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe, according to the same working of His power which was wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead. He was exalted to the right hand of the Father, far above all. They know that He has raised them to the Heavenly place in Him. Here they abide, living in His presence, doing always those things which please Him. All may hate their lives in this world and keep them unto life eternal.

The Lord would warn those who were inclined to love this life. His illustration is simple. In substance, he said to them that it is possible for a grain of corn to fall into the ground, lie there, deteriorate in time, and never grow, never bear fruit. Dudley says, "Seeds have been found in an old urn with the coins of Hadrian." Long years they had lain there. Given conditions for growth—soil, moisture, and warmth—the vitality or life principle still preserved in the seed, they grew into sturdy plants. We know this process in the physical realm. The seed must "fall into the ground *and die.*" Moisture softens the hard shell of the seed, certain chemical changes take place within, starch changing to sugar, producing heat; the fluids are absorbed in the embryo; the life within increases, and at length bursts through the softened outer covering of the seed.

Let us take all this into the spiritual realm. It is a most timely message for today. It is the Easter message for all God's own who are in distress and trouble. You know you are wheat, you know you are born again! You are sure the life principle is there. But you say, "There has been no growth, no fruit." Christ would say to you, "Yes,

I know you are in a dark tunnel and see no way out. It is My path for you—a new and living way—endure. Come to Me, drink of the living water, read My Word. It will distil the moisture which can soften that hard heart and change that troublesome old nature. Come to Me in prayer. My presence will supply the warmth and sweetness which will transform you. The new nature will develop and grow, as it feeds on Me, and the power of the old will fall away. The new nature, which is Christ, will burst through and completely discard the old. I have permitted the trial for this reason, My child. The dark times must come. You can faint under them, rebel and grow bitter, or yield to Me in them. If you insist on your own way and hug your life to yourself, then there is no help. You will remain morose, irritable, touchy, jealous, envious, critical, and much that you were before you were born again. It may be you will even be kind and loving, but there can be no fruit. The fruit is produced by My life within you, through the power of the resurrection."

The millions of Russia celebrated Easter as no other holiday in the Greek Orthodox Church. Yet they knew not the living Christ in their daily lives! If you, dear reader, could have visited St. Isaac's Cathedral in the days of the Czar, and revisit it today, when it has been converted into an antireligious museum, you would realize how terrible is God's judgment against a form of religion which denies the power thereof. St. Isaac's is an immense, imposing structure, with twelve colossal red granite pillars on its four porches. The great dome, covered with resplendent gold, is surmounted by a solid silver cross, seventeen feet high. The interior is rich in multicolored pillars in mosaics, pictures, precious stones, and gold. Inside was a model of it, costing a million dollars.

On Good Friday, Christ's image lies in state. Throughout Saturday, thousands kiss His hands and feet, and drop coins into the church treasury. On Easter Eve the climax is reached. The people are exhausted with long fasting during Lent. At midnight, the priests make the circuit of the church in an elaborate procession, searching for the dead Christ. Re-entering the church, after a two hours' service, the golden doors of the Holy of Holies are thrown open. The metropolitan advances, holding the cross in his hands, announcing, "Christ is risen." "Indeed he is risen" is caught by the choir and people. This cry resounds amid universal kisses and embraces, the bells sound out a merry peal, cannon are fired, and the city is aflame with lights and holy joy. Then follows the blessing of the food with which to break the fast—oddly shaped loaves of bread, towers of white cheese, red-colored eggs, sugar, honey, and fruit. At 3 P. M., the weary crowds disperse to feast for three days.

Before Bolshevism, Russian pilgrims journeyed each year to Jerusalem to carry the holy fire from off the altar in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem back to Russia to light their altars for another year.

Christianity began in Jerusalem; paganized and commercialized, it entered Russia in the 9th century. Should Christ walk into the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and witness the British officials and Palestinian gendarmerie, holding hands to form a barrier between the different sects at the Easter season, guarding the Latins, Greeks, Copts, and Moslems that there may be no sacred gowns torn, nor priestly beards tugged, or, worse still, no riot, He surely would cleanse the temple again and drive out the money changers. He has judged the Russian church. As you enter the

St. Isaac's Cathedral today, you will observe that all within the huge museum is there to blaspheme God and to destroy faith in Him. Better so, perhaps, than a false religion which deceives the people.

Hear the testimony of one who found Christ and has come out of the Russian State Church. He is in prison. It is Easter time. He invites a fellow prisoner into his cell. There he reads of Christ's resurrection and relates to him the gospel story. Another sinner is won for Christ. Does not your heart yearn that millions shall find the resurrected Christ in all His beauty as did this one?

"I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I know the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But, blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in.

"Now let me come nearer, O Lord Divine!
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee;
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast;
Reign—I will worship and serve my guest.
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter-tide."

A WORKMAN UNASHAMED

"*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth*" (2 Timothy 2:15).

Suppose I am a seamstress,
With sewing on my mind,
But neither thread nor needle
Nor thimble can I find;
Shall I succeed in making
The garment I would wear?
Oh, no! My tools are missing,
That I must have right there.

Suppose I am a Christian,
And souls are lost in sin;
They do not know the Bible,
To find the Lord within.
If I am not familiar
With chapter, book, and verse,
To help them find the Saviour,
My case indeed is worse.

* * * * *

Lord, let me be, to please Thee,
A workman unashamed,
In heart and mem'ry hiding
Thy Word, so truly named.

—*Mrs. J. I. McClelland.*

Gospel Ministries in Poland

By Fred Stettler

TO ALL the friends who have not forgotten us, in spite of the fact that we have not found time to write to them within the last three months, to them we should like to express our sincere appreciation and thanks. Both Christmas and New Year have been celebrated over a period of three days each. The believers feel that these are extraordinary opportunities to preach the gospel to the crowds who seldom step over the threshold of a church except on such special holy days.

New Year's Eve brought 250 into the church, who chose to stay with us during the all-night service and prayer meeting. Each person was presented with a verse of Scripture, which is sometimes regarded as a sort of special promise for the whole year. Here is mine: "*Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden*" (Psa. 68:19). There are indeed plenty of burdens that threaten to crush a missionary in these days of "overturning" (Ezek. 21:27) and "shaking," yet the things that, humanly speaking, are our greatest hindrances and dangers are likewise our greatest blessings and opportunities.

After nearly a year of local pastoral work at the church, it was concluded that I be more free, in the future, to travel in the interests of teaching and preaching. The pastoral church work, with its cares and routine, has been of immeasurable value to me. The constant and systematic study of the Scriptures, to feed the flock and lead them in green and watery pastures, was strenuous, but to me a schooling that proved better than the university.

It was my privilege to engage in several series of evangelistic meetings. They were all alike in several respects—everywhere more people than could be accommodated, more hunger than a preacher could satisfy, and more work than several good men could do. Very frequently, all sitting and standing room was occupied half an hour before the services began. Often it was very difficult for the preacher to wind himself through tightly closed rows of men and women. Very often the preacher had not even a seat behind the table to sit down, for it was taken and occupied by folks during the preaching. Even on cold nights I worked so hard that I usually sat down bathed in perspiration. We often preached

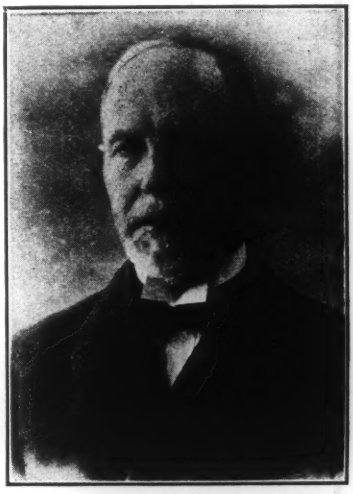
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stettler and Ruth

until our throat was so hoarse and wounded that we simply could not preach further. In some of the after-meetings, as many as twenty signified that they were prepared to give themselves to Christ. When I left, one morning very early, there were people at the place from neighboring houses, between five and six o'clock, to have personal talks with me. Then and there, some confessed their sins and others gave themselves anew to Christ. Very frequently such farewells ended with songs and prayers, and much weeping. Many times I was hard pressed to promise to visit them again—*soon!* Often journeys had to be made for miles and miles through snow and over ice, across lakes and slippery hills, so that the farmers feared for the lives of their horses. With satchel on back filled with literature, we often looked like men coming from Siberia, blooming with hoarfrost.

Another series of meetings was held in a place not very far from the capital of Poland, Warsaw. A number of missionaries who travel here and there throughout the country reside here, but, as is often the case, it is neglected more than most places. The first time I held a series of evangelistic services there, now and then the request "Louder!" would be heard. The room, the adjoining room, and the entrance-hall were so packed that I was obliged to speak to people in three rooms. They came from all directions, some from 14 kilometers distant. Two young inquirers came daily on their bicycles a distance of several miles. One evening thieves found out that the prolonged meetings were good times to steal wheels. We were much grieved that the meetings would close with such an unhappy remembrance. Public prayer was made. One poor fellow had worked hard for more than half a year to save money for a bicycle. During the following night, I dreamed that one wheel was found. I never pay much attention to dreams, but that day we came to the meeting and found that the thieves had been watched by other doubtful characters, so that they left the bicycles in the field and got away with it. Praise God, the wrath of man often praises the Lord and must serve his purposes.

Several weeks ago, we printed 10,000 Polish gospel tracts and now they have almost all been distributed. Our files still contain the bills, and it is hard to believe that the tracts are all gone. Orders come in daily and we have lists of men who wait for the tracts that are not yet printed. Pray for the tract work! It is the neediest branch of our work.

"He preserveth the way of His saints" (Prov. 2:8). How true this is! He is the Keeper and we are the kept ones. We are so glad to let him keep us. How wonderful He has thus far preserved us! Thanks be to Him and every true steward of God who has let himself or herself be used toward the ministry that the Lord has entrusted to us.



NIKITA MOSHERENOK

APPRECIATION

By NIKITA MOSHERENOK

I AM so thankful to our Lord for the love of His children in America, who help me materially to carry on my evangelistic service. Some time ago, I again visited the brethren in Finland and we had delightful Christian fellowship. Then I made several visits to Brother Moriakoff's district, spending about three weeks with him in evangelistic meetings in different places. We had wonderful meetings, in which the hearts of sinners were softened—but atheists are now attacking us. Sinners without Christ are so hardened—only the power of God can change them.

Our salvation is fastened with God's own hand and Christ's own strength to the strong stake of God's unchanging nature.

—*Samuel Rutherford.*

MISSIONARIES AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS SUPPORTED THROUGH THE AMERICAN EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP

Below is a list of missionaries and Christian workers who receive full or partial support through the American European Fellowship. This is given for your prayer in their behalf. Inquiries regarding the work will be welcomed and prompt and full information given. Where desired and it is possible to arrange, a deputational worker or missionary will be sent to present the work.

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IN ISRAEL'S BEHALF

By J. I. Schnapp

(Translated from the German)

ON DECEMBER 28, 1933, I had a well attended meeting, with many Jews and Gentiles from all classes of the city being present. I reminded the Jews who were in attendance that Christmas, the day on which the believing Christians celebrate the birth of Christ, has a great significance for the Jews, for then the Son of God came to earth, and He has chosen for Himself the despised Jewish nation, that He might establish His kingdom and make His people the messengers of salvation to all nations on the earth.

I said, in part: "As long as you, my brothers, will not put this King, Jesus Christ, at your disposal, you have never done that for which you were appointed. You, who will not believe, but rather cling to your Jewish traditions, I would like to lead, in the spirit, to the stable in Bethlehem, where our Heavenly Father chose for Himself a place to show forth His glory, from whence His light would shine all over the world.

"Where were your big scholars? Where were your important Rabbis? The King, Jesus Christ, did not consider them, but He chose for Himself some of the despised fishermen and publicans, and these plain men wrote a little Book, compared with which the great, numerous books of the Rabbis look like school boys' work. As you think of this, are you not convinced? Can those large and numerous books of your Rabbis satisfy a single heart?

"Cease going to your broken cisterns, which hold no water, and come with me to the fountain filled with the precious Blood that was shed for you by Jesus Christ, who was praying for you when He died on the Cross, and ye shall find rest in your hearts for time and for eternity."

On January 6th and 7th, I took part in the believers' Conference in Siret, with Brother Hill's congregations. God's blessing was felt there, too. Many different nationalities were present, one in the Lord. I had the joy, also, of giving out the Word of God.

I have a well attended lecture every Thursday, with a number of Jewish students and others who are interested.

On February 1st, we had a good meeting, and I had the joy of working with Brother Hill in the evening. After my lecture, Brother Hill spoke to the congregation, pointing them to the salvation which is found in Christ and telling them that this is the day of grace. May our Lord manifest Himself in our work! I ask you all to pray for that.

I am doing street missionary work every day, together with much visiting in the homes. Our brother, Dr. Wilkinson, gave me a goodly number of New Testaments, and I have the opportunity of getting the Jews better acquainted with this Book. Many are reading the Gospel. May our Lord open their eyes to see Christ, so that the people of this poor sinful nation might be redeemed by our Lord! Amen!

GOSPEL WORK IN PALESTINE

A RECENT letter from Dr. Martcinkovsky asks prayer for his work and lectures among Jews of Palestine. He is reaching Jews of all nations in Tel-Aviv, Jaffa, Haifa, and Jerusalem. Our brother is not only original in his writings—we have received a picture of a self-made hut—three sides with a roof and a seat where, under the fig-tree and the pomegranate, he works out his gospel messages or writes his books.

Every Christian ought to read his book, "With Christ in Soviet Russia," if they would know how God sent a revolution to Russia, out of the furnace of which revival fires burned all over the land. The awakening of many in the Greek Orthodox Church, the enthusiastic witness of young Christians, and the testimony of the working people and the peasants, in the face of exile, imprisonment, starvation, and martyrdom of all kinds, reads like the history of the early church. Revival before revolution or through revolution—which will it be in America?

We are asked by our brother to correct a misstatement in the review of his book. He did not hold the Chair of Ethics in the University of Leningrad, but was a lecturer in Ethics there, as well as in other universities during the revolution. It was he who formed Bible classes among the students of many universities before the Revolution. Order his book from our Office—364 pages for $1.25.

"Christ's name on your heart proves that your name is on Christ's heart. Our love to Him is the sure token of His peculiar love to us."

Sowing In Faith

By George Nazaruk

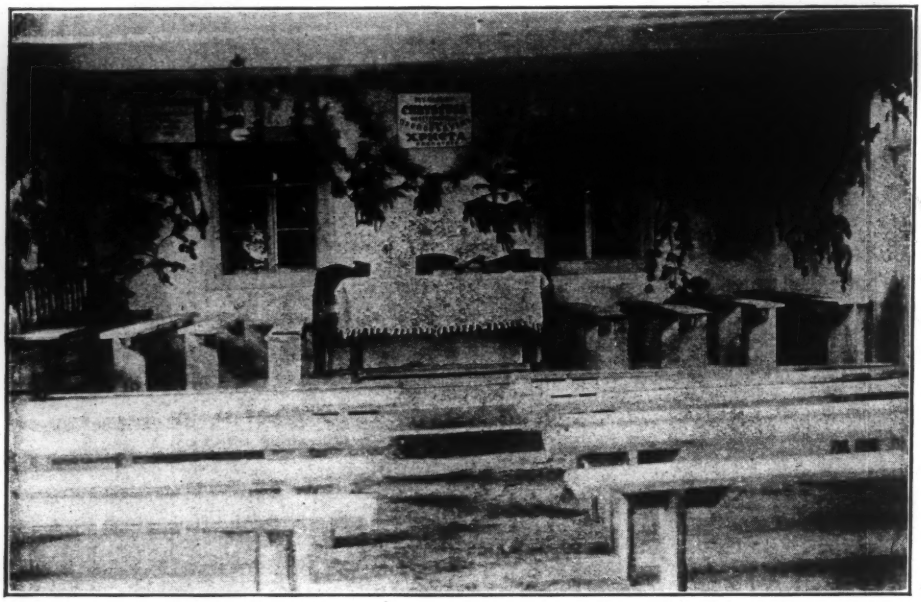
GREETING in the Name of Jesus Christ to everybody in the Fellowship. May God's rich blessing rest upon all of you in this year of 1934! Thank you for your kind letter. Oh, how happy I was when I heard that you feel my heavy burdens! I am trusting only in the Lord, and He gloriously helps me through His children. It breaks my heart when I hear that missionary receipts are coming in very slowly, but let us pray that God may send in even more than is needed.

Now, concerning the work. Our church had very good meetings during the Christmas season. God gloriously blessed us in all of them. One evening meeting was given over to the children. The church prepared a Christmas tree and some presents for them. Do you know how much they spent for all that? One dollar in American money. And there were 25 of our own children and more than 50 visitors. Only the children of believing parents got presents, one or two candies, and the visitors received none. You can imagine how they felt! The children did their best in singing and in telling stories about Christ and His birth. May God lay it on some heart next year to help these poor parents to have a little more to give to their children on Christmaas!

Another special meeting was held in connection with the closing of the old year. We spent almost the whole night in prayer. Many of the brethren gave their testimonies, confessing how little they had done for the Lord this past year because they were looking at the faults in others and forgetting their own imperfections. With tears on all our faces, we consecrated ourselves for better work in the new year of 1934. Certainly, God's mighty blessing was resting on this meeting.

The third special meeting was held by the young people on January 6th. It was a meeting of victory. Young and old felt the presence of the Holy Spirit. In all the songs and testimonies there was felt a spirit of meekness. With tears, they invited unbelievers to the Lord.

I am trying to spend much time in prayer, and I ask you all, my dear friends, to join me in prayer



George Nazaruk's Church in Ozenin, Poland

for a revival in this part of Wolynia. I am holding meetings in some villages where false teaching was wrecking the lives of some of our believers, but now they are coming back and listening to the pure gospel. I believe we are going to have a revival this year. Don't forget us in your prayers.

LITERATURE NEEDS

TO THE READERS OF THE HARVEST FIELD:

I would offer for your prayerful consideration the following needs.

About seven years ago, I preached on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the village of Borisoglebsk, beyond Lapland, between Finland and Norway. There is a tribe called Lopari at that place, numbering about 3,000. They were formerly a part of Russia, but, since the War, they have belonged to Finland. These people keep themselves separate from the Finns, and Russia is cut off from them. We are not in position to send any one there to preach the gospel regularly, but there is a possibility of arranging for these Lopari a Christian library in the Russian language, which they have mastered pretty well. There is no literature in their own language. About $50.00 would be enough to send to them 100 different books on evangelical subjects. How great would be their joy if they might read these Christian books, in their huts which are covered with snow up to the roof! Of course, the Bible would be the book given first of all. The Lopari have no means to buy anything. There are no crops, and the only industry is fishing. The only animals they have are dogs.

Then, another great need is that of putting a Christian library in the village home of our missionary brother Moriakoff, in the Stara Isborsk District in Estonia, on the very border of Russia. The poverty of the Russian peasants there is extreme, since the Russian Revolution, and yet their spiritual thirst is great. The need for a Christian library here is so pronounced that it would be well for Brother Moriakoff to have several sets of Christian books in Russian. My plan would be to furnish Brother Moriakoff with 100 copies of the Bible, which would cost about $45.00, postpaid. Then, for a Christian library in the home of Brother Moriakoff, it would be necessary to have about $100.00 for several sets of books. A large district, with thousands of people, would be cared for in this way. I myself have preached in that district several times, and I know personally what a valuable asset such a Christian library would be.

The Russian Christian magazine, *Vernost*, of which I am editor, is now under such great financial difficulties that I have just issued the August-December 1933 number. Russians from every quarter are writing and asking about the magazine. This letter, just received, is one of many: "It is a long time since we have had *Vernost*. If this magazine cannot be published any more, our Russian people will suffer immeasurable loss. There can be no substitute for *Vernost*. It is impossible to believe that denominational magazines are flourishing, and yet *Vernost*, which instructed spiritually and taught and created oneness among Christians, is being compelled to cease." Just at the moment I am writing this letter, word has come from a well-known Russian writer, asking for my magazine. I am determined, with God's help, to struggle to the very utmost to keep on with the magazine. By faith alone, I have even undertaken the issues of *Vernost* for 1934, although I do not see any finances for this. Somehow and from somewhere, the Lord will send what we need. For your help in the past, it again gives me great joy to thank you.

Most faithfully yours in Christ,

ALEXANDER DOBRININ.

GLEANINGS FROM SOVIET PAPERS

(Translated from the Russian)

THERE are now in Soviet Russia 200,000 agricultural communes ("kolhozy"). Among them there are only 400 godless organizations, and the atheistic communes are of a low standard. Many peasants have left the Russian Orthodox Church, because of the oppression of the Bolsheviks. They did not do it of their own volition. There are many cases when these same people apply to the Church when they desire infants to be baptized or their dead to be buried. The Bolsheviks were able to influence half illiterate people, but Russians with intellectual development kept to their former way of thinking.

In the Krasnopolsky District, containing 130 villages and 37,000 citizens, the Bolsheviks compelled the people to bring together on one heap 20,000 icons, and there was a "solemn" burning. The following gives a picture in a few words of how

churches were destroyed. Bolshevistic laborers climbed up on top of the building, tore down the cross, and put up a red flag in its place. Then, from the bell tower, sounded forth the "Internationale." Inside the church, all sacred pictures were covered with new paint, and the dance of the Bolsheviks then began. Beside the red flag there were placed electrically lighted Bolshevik stars.

New sectarian movements are appearing among the people which emphasize the teaching of an avenging Jehovah. Some are preaching on Deuteronomy 28:15-22, in connection with the "red" regime. A religious spirit is very active among the Russian people and it awaits only a proper time to show its tremendous power. A communistic leader among young people became a monk, having been converted to God after his destructive activity. Some religious people are hiding from the "reds" in the midst of impassable marshes. Many people are looking for the end of the world, for they consider the Bolsheviks the children of the Antichrist. People still hold to the thought of having a monarchy, identifying it with the Archangel Michael. The only hope that they have of freeing Russia from the "red" forces is in the Coming of Christ, but somehow they mingle the thought of this with the coming of a Christian Russian Czar to the country.

According to the old Russian custom, on Easter Day the people greet one another with a Christian kiss and the joyful words, "Christ is risen." After some time has elapsed, those who took part in the burning of the sacred things of the old Russian Church usually come to repentance. Many wandering priests appear, and they hold occasional services in many towns and villages. They are paid for their services by the population, though, of course, this is attended with great risk.

When the Bolsheviks undertook to reconstruct peasant life, they had in view a change in the psychology of the people, rather than agricultural purposes. Thus far, agricultural life has undergone some changes, but the character of the people remains decidedly the same, the Bolsheviks being defeated along this line. The chief teacher of modern Russia is the universal falsehood of the state. A large percentage of the statements about various achievements are false. The Bolshevistic leaders are now very often afraid because of the absence of truth in their regime, but it is hard to do away with that which has been going on for seventeen years.

HUNGER FOR THE WORD OF GOD

By Mrs. R. W. Hill

THANK you so much for your letter of January 12th, which came in good time. Many thanks also for the good news that Dr. Gaebelein's book, "The Jewish Question," is being sent on to us.

I rejoice to know about "The Conflict of the Ages" being so widely distributed among Senators, Representatives, and business men. We add our prayers with yours that God may open their eyes and show them what a dangerous step America has taken in recognizing Soviet Russia. God grant that my beloved home land may never see the fearful suffering and appalling distress witnessed in Russia today! Millions are dying of starvation—and who can measure the starvation of the soul in a land of darkness, where no ray of light is permitted to shine? God's holy Word, and God's holy Son, Jesus, the Light of the world, are not tolerated.

How great the darkness of that godless land, American Modernists little realize, but some day God will permit them to taste of the fruit of this present seed sowing, and surely the bitterness thereof will spell eternal death.

Roumania is at present politically quiet. There is being manifested throughout the Bucovina, and in fact throughout the whole land, a great hunger for the Word of God. In the most unexpected places, revivals are taking place and men and women are earnestly seeking the truth. This is more evident in the villages than in the towns, which proves again that "the common people hear Him gladly." Our Sunday School work is increasing, and now many children are being taught the Word. There is, however, still room for great improvement—teachers are not easy to find.

The work among the women is growing. I have Bible Classes every Saturday, Sunday and Monday afternoons, do my own housework and cooking, and visit the sick. Ten years ago, in the Women's Bible Class it was with great difficulty that I was able to give them more than two or three verses of a very simple lesson at a teaching, and often, for two or three weeks, the same two or three verses had to be gone over again. I gave them simple teaching,

as simple as you give your primary Sunday School children in America. Today I am teaching them the Second Coming, using W. E. Blackstone's book, "Jesus Is Coming," for lesson outlines. We now take an ordinary lesson at a sitting of two hours—an American Bible Class would need about 45 minutes, I fancy, for the same lesson. If you could have been present yesterday afternoon, or any Monday afternoon, and have seen the joyful expectation on the faces of these simple women (who have grown so dear and precious to my heart) and heard them pray, "Come, Lord Jesus," you would know that my work here has not been in vain.

The need for workers in Roumania is great—the need for tracts, Gospels, and Testaments greater—our supplies are always running out. The following are a few special requests for prayer:

Damka No. 1. A Christian—married—four children—unsaved husband who beats her often. Pray that she may be kept faithful and be given grace to bear her cross.

Damka No. 2. A Christian—married—husband unsaved, but kind. Pray that she may win him.

Mrs. K. A poor widow—cannot read. Pray that she may be enabled to remember the Word she needs for comfort.

Mrs. N. Also a poor widow—is ill. May she be enabled to put all in *His* hands and trust.

Workers. Greatly needed. May God find men after His own heart!

Tracts. Greatly needed. Pray for a supply.

Villages. Hundreds where the light is only dimly shining, and many where no light shines.

Roumanian King and Government.

Pray for us. That we may be kept faithful and true, be given wise and understanding hearts. Pray that we may be kept in health, and that we may know, day by day, His *will*.

Pray for Dick. Off at school in England—13 years old. He is saved and baptized. May he be kept!

PROGRESS

By Joan Costi

AT THE beginning of another year, I praise the Lord for all the blessings He has showered upon us. The enemy has been very busy this past year, and yet we have had much joy in service, and souls have been brought to the Lord. I have had the privilege of visiting a number of villages,

Joan Costi and Family

and preaching the gospel to many hungry souls. Especially blessed has been the ministry in a certain village where only Hungarians live. They are very rough people and oppose the preaching of the gospel, being Roman Catholics and stirred up by their priest. However, in spite of much opposition and persecution, several have accepted the Saviour, and we have had much joy and fellowship with them.

The Lord's work, as a whole, is steadily progressing here. Many new assemblies are being formed, and small groups of believers are gathering together regularly in a great many villages. The Lord is blessing in a remarkable manner and we can only praise Him, for He is doing it all.

The Lord has also cared for the material needs of our families. In my own family we have six children, and the Lord has used you, dear friends, to supply all our temporal needs, in spite of these very difficult times. The Lord will repay, out of His bounty.

Please pray much for us. There is so much work to be done and so few workers in this field, that we are not able to visit a great many villages where there are seeking souls, who beg us to come and tell them the "Glad Tidings." Pray that the Lord will send more laborers into His vineyard. We greet you with Ephesians 6:23.

"In Christ is the whole Gospel. He is the light, the food, the medicine of the soul."

An Autobiography

By Eugene Nagy

(*Continued*)

I WAS now seventeen years of age, ambitious to study and to make a future for myself. However, because of support unwisely given, the time to stand upon my own feet in the world was much delayed, rendering me virtually a dependent during all that time. This protracted dependence bore most lamentable results in my life, and I felt its baneful effects keenly, as the time to stand alone had now arrived. There I was, a man of twenty, awkward and helpless, friendless and forlorn, trying to make a living in an unloving world. In addition to being extremely self-conscious, I had the peculiarly silly notion that asking for employment was equivalent to begging money—the point of the service rendered never entered my mind. With this foolish mental attitude, the result of my first attempt to secure employment was such a gross failure that I could not get up sufficient courage to make another trial. As a result, the most trying period of my life now followed. Anxieties, severe temptations, and trials of all sorts pressed upon me, the burden of which lies heavily upon my heart to this day. Looking back, I now see how graciously the Lord watched and guarded me through the "legions of demons" surrounding me. Had it not been for my mother's prayers and, through her loving efforts, a brother's helping hand, one may well guess what the final result might have been.

Answering numbers of advertisements, I finally received a reply to call. I remember well that it was in the Temple-bar Building, in the down town district of New York. I handed the man his letter, upon which he rudely asked, "Well, what can you do?" "Everything," was my ready and silly reply, meaning, of course, that I could do all that was necessary in his small office. With that, he gave me another rough "I don't want you," which ended our interview. With a courteous "Good day," I picked up my hat and left his office, my tears dropping on the threshold.

I was boarding with my brother, but the fact that I was unable to pay him for my board increased my misery. Still, my foolish pride would not permit my making another attempt to ask anyone for work but, instead, I sat on the park benches and brooded over my helpless state. Finally, through the efforts of one of my brothers, I was asked to report for work in an editorial office on East Third Street, New York City. The job was a mighty poor one, but oh, how glad I was to have it! The hours were from 7:00 A. M. to 11:00 P. M., with Sundays included for good measure, from 7:00 A. M. until 11:00 A. M. The pay for all this work was $6.00 per week, being scarcely sufficient to pay my brother for board, leaving nothing for clothes.

But the Lord was looking upon my misery. With the help of another brother, already in the city service, the Lord provided me with a position in the engineering corps in the same department, where, after completing a few months of voluntary service without pay in order to gain the required experience, I was appointed, on July 13, 1896, to a position in a field engineering party at a salary of $12.00 a week. This salary may seem insignificant, but it meant all the difference in the world to me at that time. It was double the salary for half as much time as in my former clerical position. Besides, the work was incomparably more congenial and healthy, as I worked out in the open air and sunshine. I could now afford to buy clothes and pay off my debts to my brother for board.

I now had ample time to study. Accordingly, I enrolled for the Scientific Branch (engineering) at Cooper Union. This splendid Institute, however, I soon left, because I wanted to enroll in a more practical school in engineering, and partly because of a circumstance that I will mention later. These were years of very hard work. I always carried my engineering text books with me. The time spent traveling in the cars to and from work, I would use in study and in solving engineering problems. Most unwisely, I would even deny myself necessary rest. Holidays, Saturday afternoons, and frequently throughout the night season until the morning, I would be absorbed in my work, even Sundays being no exception.

It will not be amiss to relate an experience of mine which was apparently marked out to change my whole life. It reveals the devious ways the Lord will work to draw us to Himself, even though it be at the cost of anguish and pain inexplicable at the time, in order that He may bless us. It was a very hot, sultry day in August of 1897, about three in the afternoon, that our engineering party was surveying in the Bronx section of New York City. As we finished a portion of our work, we observed a storm rapidly gathering, and immediately large drops of rain falling here and there. The wind was gathering force, and the blackness overhead was approaching us with frightful speed. We knew what it meant, and lost no time in packing away our engineering instruments and making haste to get on the electric car to take us home.

The downpour of rain in sheets, accompanied by incessant flashes of lightning and continuous roar of thunder, was of astounding intensity by the time we reached our car. I had never witnessed a storm like it before, nor have I seen one since to equal it. Our car, crowded with school teachers and children, had not gone far when there was an explosion, with immense volumes of electric sparks, which caused it to come to an abrupt stop. Simultaneously, the screaming of horror-stricken women and children was heard. I immediately turned to pacify the bewildered crowd—when a moment later the same fearful episode was repeated. By this time, apprehensive that my end was at hand, a nervous fear took possession of me, but a moment of such reflection as "Lord, if it must be so, I am now ready," drove away all fear, and perfect rest and peace entered my heart.

Cowardice was at no time a part of my nature. From childhood up until this incident, I had always admired such storms as displaying the grandeur of God's majesty. This happening, however, made a lasting change, creating in me such nervous fear of electric storms that the slightest sound of thunder would awaken me from sleep at night. Then, hurriedly dressing, I would rush to the place where I could find a gathering of people, such as a hotel, and would there sit and listen to the orchestra until the storm would abate. After that, I would proceed homeward in fear of the approach of another storm. Indeed, frequently I was pressed to such nocturnal excursions two or three times in one night.

As time went on, my fear and restlessness increased to the extent that I was unable to sufficiently concentrate on my studies to keep up with my class at Cooper Union School, and I decided to change to such an engineering institute where I could arrange my studies at will. This change was for the better, but still I was not free from misery. Many times, in the midst of a difficult engineering problem or drawing, with the approach of a storm I would leave all and rush out, seeking a gathering of people. These were years of anguish and I tried to understand the reason for it, but I could not. Now I see that it was necessary in my case and that God's wisdom was in it all. He was always at my side, watching and guiding me!

One Sunday, at the approach of a thunder storm, I hurried from my room, as usual, to go I knew not where. Rapidly walking up 23rd Street, I found myself within a short distance of the Y. M. C. A. Branch, located at that time on Fourth Avenue. By this time, the lightning and thunder were in full swing, and I, observing men entering the Y. M. C. A. building to attend the four o'clock meeting, entered with them. This being my only refuge at the moment, I hurried up the stairs bewildered, and, entering the large assembly hall, the powerful chorus of men's voices greeted my ear and fearful heart, as they sang that never-to-be-forgotten hymn, "The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, a shelter in the time of storm." Thanks and praise to Him forever! From that time on, the Y. M. C. A. was my retreat and I became a regular attendant.

The fact that my duties were in the field, where I would anxiously watch the possible approach of a storm, served to aggravate my trouble. Yet, because of a sense of shame, I would not reveal my storm fears to any save my doctor. Although I do not know it as a fact, I have reason to believe that he intervened in my behalf, for, soon afterward, the department assigned me to office work. My fears continued, but the change was for the better and I made good progress in my studies, completing the course and successfully passing the final examination and receiving my diploma in 1900. During this same year, having passed the required civil service examination to a higher grade of my profession, I was appointed to the position on January 1, 1901, at an advance in my salary of almost seventy per cent. It is true that I worked very hard up to this

point, but oh, what joy it was to have come to it! Nevertheless, it was my mother and sisters who had the largest share of rejoicing and happiness over my success, as I could read in their letters complimenting me across the Atlantic.

By this time, I was a devoted attendant at the Y. M. C. A. and various other missionary and gospel meetings, and the Lord graciously led me to join the church. A few doors from my home, at the corner of Second Avenue and Sixth Street, stood the Middle Coll. Ref. Church, where I went to worship. At the conclusion of service, the cordial greeting of the deacon with the invitation to "Come again" followed, and, in response, I expressed my desire to join the church. That same week, the pastor, Rev. Fagg, honored me with a visit in my modestly furnished room, and on January 6, 1901, with our singing "Bread of the world, in mercy broken" and taking the Lord's Supper for the first time, I formally and solemnly joined the church of Christ, pledging my allegiance to the end, to which pledge, by God's loving grace, I have remained faithful to this day.

Sweet are the memories of those early days of my church life. Blessings came that have borne fruit through thirty-three years, up to this day, and will throughout eternity. I soon joined the various church organizations for young people, Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip and the Prayer Circle, both of them helping to build the foundation of my Christian life.

While my association with these organizations was of inestimable value and a source of inspiration, the most precious means of growth in the life of faith was the private study of the Gospels and Epistles, coupled with a life of prayer. What seemed most striking to me was the great discrepancy between the marvelous teachings of Christ and the lives lived by His professing followers. I was sad at heart because of this contradiction. I felt then, as I still do, that Christ saves the world through His devoted followers, if they are faithful to sacrifice and work to that end, in His Name. As the days passed by my secret ambition being to be more and more like Him, I had a continuous inner struggle of the spirit for a victorious life. This meant much self-denial and was by no means easy. Indeed, I had many falls, but the Master was at hand to lift me up and I had His sweet and blessed companionship during the succeeding years and I trust to have it to the end.

Soon after I joined the church, I was approached to enter politics, but had no difficulty in driving off this temptation. It was quite plain that, with our present economic system and prevailing unchristian attitude of men, "there can be no angels in politics," and that settled the matter for me at once. My newly found church home seemed like heaven to me, while the political club room, with its associates, seemed the opposite of that. Twenty years later, an old club member confided to me that I had made a big mistake in not remaining with them, as the political leader had intended making me a high salaried commissioner. I replied that I would act the same way again, for "what doth it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

During the same year of 1901, I changed my home to the Harlem section of the city and asked for my church letter of removal to the Coll. Ref. Church at 123rd Street and Lenox Avenue, which was to be my church home until some years after my marriage. The Christian Endeavor Society, the Bible and Mission Study Classes, and the weekly prayer meetings found me a faithful attendant. With morning, afternoon, and evening services, as well as these study classes, I frequently spent seven hours in church on Sunday. Year after year I lived in sweet, unbroken fellowship with my Master, who helped and guided me in my endeavors to reach loftier levels in the spiritual life. Oh, how sad and forlorn I was when the church closed for the summer and I was severed from the church which I had learned to love so much! Like a lost sheep seeking pasture, I wandered from place to place. From the religious columns in the newspapers, I would make a list of gospel meetings and attend them inthe evenings, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons as well.

Thus, my life went on, reserved and shut up within myself with Jesus alone. However, that I was unsociable I will not admit, for I truly longed for ideal friendship with someone to whom I could open my heart fully and without fear. I sought true, sincere friendship, men of one hundred per cent pure and noble character, but, not finding these, I would have none other—and do not desire any other kind to the end of my days. However, in Jesus, my Master,

"I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His and He is mine,
Forever and forever."

Indeed, in Him

"I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death? Shall earth or hell?
No, I am His forever."

To be sure, I would never draw away from wholesome fellowship. Sweet friendship, however, was not to be my share. Even my church companion, sixteen years my senior, toward whom I felt specially drawn, was frequently a source of disappointment to me. More than once, I felt that certain conduct and feelings on his part were quite unbecoming for a Christian and, sad to admit, I was unable to feel true friendship for him during all those years.

This lack of friendship, however, was amply supplied by books. I never left home without having two or three tucked under my arms. My favorite books were religious themes by the best authors, of which I always had a goodly supply from the public libraries. Principally, however, I concentrated on the study of the Bible. Leaving the office for the day, I would select a bench overlooking some fine lake or flower beds in the spacious public park, and read there for hours until it was time to go for supper. This was my favorite way of spending Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday. In the evening I would go to the gymnasium or attend a gospel meeting at the 125th Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A., of which I was a member.

(To be continued)

REPORTS FROM PRAYER GROUPS

Cincinnati, Ohio

"THE W. C. T. U. have taken over the Day of Prayer in our city. We meet monthly, and God is answering in marvelous ways." Write Miss Lillian Morlock, Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, for information, if you live in this city.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

"We have continued our monthly meetings in the Y. W. C. A. for over two years now. The Day of Prayer, an outgrowth of this one, in the Northern Presbyterian Church, has continued also with real blessing and many answers to prayer." Write Mrs. W. H. McCall, 941 Fort Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., for information.

Louisville, Ky.

Many are the enthusiastic reports from Louisville of wonderful answers to prayer, such as the forming of Bible Classes among Young People. If you live in Louisville and are interested in the Day of Prayer there, write Mrs. Frederick Booker, Care Miss Huber, 469 Starks Building, Louisville, Ky.

Atlanta, Georgia

"Our January meeting was held one week ago today and was blessed, as each one we have had has been. It will be two years in May since we began, and we have not missed a single month. The women come from all the churches, and it is the testimony of those who attend that the blessing of the Lord is rich and abundant." If you, dear reader, live in Atlanta or vicinity and wish to attend this monthly Day of Prayer, write Mrs. Walter Powell, 85 Montgomery Ferry Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

On February 16th, the women from many churches in Germantown gathered for prayer. After a most searching message exposing the sins of the saints, prayers of confession and for cleansing, poured forth. The spirit of intercession for the unsaved came upon us during the last part of the meeting. If you live in any part of Philadelphia, we invite you to join with us. Especially do we desire to begin such a monthly day of prayer in West Philadelphia, the Logan section, or North Philadelphia, and will welcome those interested in these sections. Write Miss T. Baton, 5112 Newhall Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., for information.

Prayer Asked for Destitute Conditions

By John Kovalchuk

WINTER is always the best time here for sowing the eternal seed of the gospel. The people in the towns and villages have nothing to do. During the short winter days, they can be seen standing on the streets and in centers of towns, in large crowds, smoking their pipes and talking about many different things. They are like the Athenians, who loved to spend their time in nothing else than to tell or to hear some new thing. In those places where they have heard something of the gospel, they discuss this subject with great interest. Some of them are against the "new" faith and hold fast to the old one, while others express their opinion favorably.

When we are passing through a town, by horse and wagon, we often distribute gospel literature free of charge to these people. I wish you could see how they surround us with outstretched hands, taking this literature and reading it with much interest. We give out much of it. Of course, the Greek Catholic and Russian Orthodox priests are very jealous and angry when they see it, but we thank the Lord for the freedom we have in this country to preach and spread the Word of God.

The winter nights here are very long, and one can hold gospel meetings every night. The children come to our meetings in crowds. If you could only see how these children love to come and sing our gospel hymns and study the Word of God! Oh, what an unusual opportunity here for the evangelization of this Russian country! Let us do our utmost while the opportunity, in these last days before His Coming, is still so wonderfully open to us.

We thank the Lord that He has sent us here to this new and large Russian field, and we can say that we are trying to do our very best in making Him known here. However, it is only like a small drop of water in a large barrel in comparison with the territory to be covered here. We constantly receive calls from different places in the country to come and tell them the good news of salvation, but we are unable to answer all these calls. Please pray, dear friends, that the Lord will send more of His workers to this needy field, and also please pray for us and help us in our great needs on this field.

Lately, we held a series of revival meetings for eight days in the town of Shiroky Luh. Every meeting, both for adults and for children, was crowded. I wish you could see how interested and thirsty for the Word of God these people are. Many of them came every day from faraway places—ten, fifteen, or twenty miles away—during cold weather and being poorly clothed. After the meeting, they went back, in those dark, cold, wintry nights, on bad roads running through forests and over mountains. Not only did grown people do this, but also the children. I wish you could see how happy and bright some of the children are. If you tell them a Bible story and ask them the next day to repeat it, you would be surprised to hear how exactly they will repeat it. Some of them have remarkable memories.

We were very busy during these meetings, but we had much joy in seeing good results, through the working of the Holy Spirit, and we are convinced that there will be more good results of these meetings shown in the future.

We came home very tired, as well as sick physically. You will not wonder why, when I tell you the conditions under which we held those meetings. They were held in the small, damp home of one of our brethren. It had no wooden floor, but one made of clay, which, after the meetings, turned into real mud. We had to hold the meetings in this house, prepare and eat our meals, and rest at night. Neither did we have a separate room for study. Every night, in addition to ourselves and the brother's family, there were other people to stay for a night's rest, some of whom had come a long distance to attend the meetings. In this small house, filled with people, the windows are usually closed all night long, because of the cold. They do not have warm quilts to cover themselves. You can imagine from this how hard it is to do the work here. The need of meeting halls is very great. I wish our friends could see this need for themselves—they would then appreciate it more.

The people here, especially this year, are starving. Even our believers are in a destitute condition. All the crops last year were destroyed by floods, as

I told you before. They will have to wait a long time for the new crop. What shall we do? We pray to the Lord about it and ask you all to pray, and if you can help some, we will appreciate it very much. Recently, our brethren in Slovakia helped us a little, taking eight of our poor Carpatho-Russian children to Slovakia to feed them until the time of the new crop. Spring is coming, the time for sowing the seed, but our believers have no seed to sow. I wish we could help them some in buying seed and saving them from starvation. If any one feels led to send a gift for this purpose, please send it to the American European Fellowship, 1213 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Every gift will be used wisely and will be most gratefully received.

We received the check sent, and thank you very much for this help. We needed it badly. It is very hard for us to support ourselves here, as well as our daughter in Geneva. The Swiss francs are very high in value, while the dollar has fallen very low. Conditions here are getting worse—prices are going up.

We are getting ready for another series of revival meetings this week in another town. Please pray for us.

ITINERATING WORK

By K. Jaroszuk

(Translated from the Russian)

IN JANUARY, 1934, the Lord helped me to hold five evangelical meetings in five different places, and I myself preached in seven meetings. I visited 67 Russian families, 3 Polish, and 8 Jewish. I traveled 126 kilometers, 76 of which I was obliged to walk.

On Christmas Day, January 7th (according to the Russian calendar), I stayed in Kaminetz Litowsk, by special request. In the evening, brethren from the village of Gulewech asked me to go there to conduct an evening meeting, including a Christmas service for the children. In spite of very cold, bad weather, my wife and I decided to go. We arrived at 7 P. M. The room was already so crowded with people that it was impossible to breathe. Even the lamps were going out, though all the doors were open.

There were fifty children at the Christmas service, besides the adults. The Lord blessed this meeting and everybody was happy. The children were happiest of all when they saw the Christmas tree lighted up. They were so glad that the news of Christ's birth was first announced to shepherds, because the majority of the children take care of sheep and cattle in the summer. After the children had sung hymns and recited spiritual poetry, a collection was taken for the benefit of the Orphanage in Brest. The children also gave with great zeal. May the Lord bless them and repay them an hundredfold!

On January 19th, we drove in two wagons, in the midst of a very heavy rain, to a village where I had been invited to conduct a meeting. We arrived late and found many people waiting. The entire room was packed, the doors being open to let the people who were standing in the passageway and in the yard, hear the Word of God. We had a wonderful and blessed meeting. Everybody was praising and thanking God, with tears in their eyes, for His loving kindness to sinners. We had another meeting in the evening, after which many people stayed and asked questions.

On January 20th, we went to the village of Borisewo, where there are only three church members and these are not very strong in faith. In spite of the fact that we came late, no one had yet arrived. The people began to gradually come in. We had brought with us a choir, who, under the direction of their leader, were singing wonderful hymns. The majority of the visitors were young people. They came to listen to the singing and the reading of the Bible. Many had tears in their eyes. As I looked at the roomful of people and the attention with which they listened to the Word of God, I thanked my Lord for the privilege of being there. After the meeting was over, we distributed literature, but the number of people was so great that we did not have enough. Everybody was trying to get some, but we had no more. I am praying that the Lord will give satisfaction to their souls.

They asked us to stay for the evening, saying that the deacon from the Greek Catholic Church would come and talk with us. Indeed, it was not yet dark when the deacon came, followed by a great crowd, who filled the whole house. I asked them to excuse me for a time, as I was conducting a Sunday School for the children, but all in vain. The deacon hindered the meeting very much, so that I had to

let the children go before I was through. The deacon told me he had come for an argument, but I told him that we could have only a discussion, according to the Word of God (II Tim. 2:14). They admitted that I was right, and the deacon accepted my proposition. We sang psalms and prayed, and then the deacon asked us questions. The first question concerned the worshiping of the cross, and the second, the aim of the Christian life. The Lord helped me to give answers to both questions according to the Scriptures. After that, no one listened to them, and I heard many saying, "Give us scissors and we will cut his whiskers." I found out afterward that he had told the people that they might cut off his whiskers if he did not win out in the discussion. We started to sing hymns, which quieted the people, and we concluded with prayer. But the deacon, with his friend, an elder of the Greek Church, stayed until midnight, trying to defend their position.

In the morning of the 21st of January, we all went to the small town of Wisoko Litowsk, arriving at 11 o'clock. We were met by a brother, who told us that the meeting had already been opened and who asked me to conduct the Lord's Supper at the close of the meeting. There were many people there who had walked more than 40 kilometers in order to hear the Word of God. The spirit of the meeting was a very reverent one, and the hearts of all present were thanking God. At the end of the meeting, two souls confessed their sins and accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. Everybody rejoiced (Luke 15:7). After this meeting was over, there were a few minutes of recess, after which we observed the Lord's Supper. That evening, we also had the pleasure of attending the Young People's meeting, where the young brethren and sisters were reciting verses one after another, telling of the wonderful love of God for sinful men.

I can say, in conclusion, that in this place the Lord's work is progressing very slowly. We ask all children of God to pray for this place, that the Lord may touch their hearts. They asked me to come to them often and bring them the Word of God. But, to my regret, they are 30 kilometers away, and to walk on the very bad roads in inclement weather is hard. In order to have success in my work, I need very much to have financial help. I have not even the means to pay for my rent. Besides that, something is necessary for food. For traveling from place to place, it would be well to have a bicycle, which costs here from $30 to $40. Gospel literature also is very necessary to give to these thirsty souls. I beg you to help me with your prayers and with financial aid.

NOTE: Prayer is requested for the supply of this brother's support.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CHILDREN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

By MRS. CHARLES LUKESH

"FOR me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. 1:21). I suggest this verse for myself and for you there, praying the Lord that it may be real in each of our lives so that we may be a blessing to the cause of Christ until He calls us Home. It is quite possible that we may meet in Glory before the close of this new year.

Permit me to give you a little view of our Christmas with the children. You all know, more or less, the job of making Christmas cookies for the family. The difference is that our family is a bit larger than the average one, as we have to prepare 57 bags, and it would be disappointing if there were no variety. Besides, it is an opportunity to teach the mothers something new, both better and more economical than what they are used to making themselves. Thus, the writing of recipes also entered the program. We have a young mother of a family, whose husband does not want to come to the meetings but who often greets her, after she has been to see us, with "Have you another recipe?" So he has to admit that there is something good in it, even for him. We have spoken with him a number of times. He does not want to believe, being simply indifferent, but he was finally persuaded to come to the Watch Night service.

Without telling, you will know that, with the regular Mission work, these extra preparations had to be started long before Christmas. Then, too, there was extra work in preparing the Bible verses and poems and teaching the songs. Christmas being on Monday, the Sunday before was full, with services from morning till night. Thus, Monday morning found us rushing busy to get ready for the afternoon children's meeting. Quite early in the forenoon, a batch of country visitors came. Some came later, and some just before noon, so we had quite a family at the table. Some made quite a

journey on foot in order to be able to participate, and we trust it was not in vain. Quite a number stayed over night, so we had to get together all the covers we could. It being mild weather, we were able to keep all warm. The great part of the month of December was very cold, but it changed shortly before Christmas and has been mild ever since. This makes things a little easier for the poor peasants.

The program was adapted from the *Sunday School Times*, augmented by many recitations and Bible verses, all selected for the message they bore. There were songs by the school and congregation, boys' duets and girls' trios, but possibly the best was a motion song by the smallest class, a little over two years old. A few older children stood before them to lead them, and the tots held their own in singing, "Me viny prevysily hory" (My sins rose as high as a mountain). They also recited the first verse of Psalm 23, and each one a small poem, though some could hardly pronounce the words.

We made some remarks on Christmas in the U. S. A., explaining to them the deceit of what they call here the "Nikolo," something like the Santa in the States. We showed them what Christmas means to true believers and how it is celebrated in the homes of such, telling them to turn to the Saviour, that Christ may be born in their hearts and that they may be prepared for His Second Coming.

The Watch Night service was kept as usual, with songs, messages, and praise, besides the drawing of the individual verses for the year in the form of bookmarks. We also had the choosing of the mutual annual text. Several suggested verses are discussed, and then one is decided upon. Brother Lukesh suggested John 7:17, and answered every other verse suggested, such as John 3:16, John 5:24, Phil. 1:21, and others, with the impressive "If any man will." Thus, this verse was chosen.

It is a proof of conversion if someone shows real willingness in the Lord's cause and even stands persecution. The village school teacher we have referred to previously, reported a struggle in the village, where she was almost put out by force by the infuriated woman to whom she testified. Later, she went to a distant village to visit the widow of a departed school director, and she gave out tracts there, from house to house. When she had almost finished, the priest caught up with her and demanded that she go with him to the mayor or show her identification papers. She refused both, but invited him to come to the home of the lady whom she was visiting. It was at the request of this lady that she went to see the village official, where she met the priest again. He could not do anything to her, but declared he was going to sue us for having insulted the Roman Church by the picture in Tract No. 58, claiming it represents a priest with a club. The picture represents "Self" as an artist with paint brush in hand, having painted himself as he imagines himself to be, a goody-goody.

The priest is beset with the idea of going to law, having boasted that he has already put under penalty two school teachers, who had spoken against the priests' imitation of the Grotto of Lourdes, which he has put up in his parish. We have no fear that he will succeed against us, but only regret the bother if he should really start a row about the picture. Pray with us that, if the priest does go to law about this, it will end to the glory of God and put the priests and their delusions to shame.

Let me conclude with a more pleasant matter. This afternoon, a convert, one of the latest, gave her engagement ring for the Lord's cause, as she had no other source of income. It was a step for her husband also in permitting her to do so, since he would not allow her to give the ear rings, which were a gift from her godmother. She says, "They will come also."

We praise the Lord for your prayerful interest and support in the past, and ask you to pray more fervently with us that many souls may be saved this year.

Faith That Reckons

We are to reckon that everything He was and did belongs to us; that when He died, we died; when He was buried, we were buried; when He rose, we rose; when He ascended, we ascended. This "reckoning" is in the present tense, implying a continuous act by faith of the believer.

It is not feeling, or emotion, or imagination, but fact made real by faith. We are to reckon ourselves dead unto sin, but alive unto God. This does not mean that self is dead. We are, therefore, not to reckon it dead, and still less to reckon sin dead, but to reckon ourselves "dead unto sin, but alive unto God."—*Dr. Griffith Thomas.*

Blessed Service in Latvia

By Arthur Bluhm

YOUR good letter, with enclosed draft, I received today. I do thank so you much for the support, and I praise God for answered prayer. The need was great indeed. It was to me like a gift from heaven, and I gave thanks unto Him from the bottom of my heart.

The Lord has been graciously using me and He has given plenty of opportunities to bear witness of His great salvation, these past weeks. On the 4th of January, I was asked to lead a Thursday night meeting in a Baptist church, whose minister was laid aside with a cold. The audience numbered about 350. By the mighty power of the Holy Spirit, sinners were moved to repentance and fell down to worship God.

On the 6th of January, people celebrate the day when the wise men came from the East to bring their gifts and to worship the new born King of the Jews. I brought two messages on this day in the same place, at 10 A. M. and at 6 P. M., before large audiences. My message was founded on Matthew 2:1-12. There the Holy Spirit gives the record that these men from the East were wise. Now, when God says so, it is true. These men did the only right thing that men ought to do—they worshipped Him who left Heaven's glory to seek and to save that which was lost. And then, these men were wise, because they were not ashamed to say so. "We have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him" (Matt. 2:2). They confessed the King before Herod the king and all the people of Jerusalem. Today, even believers are ashamed to confess Christ in this sinful world. Listen to what He says: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when He shall come in His glory" (Luke 9:26). The Holy Spirit used the message in a marvelous way to bring down sinners to the feet of Jesus the King, and those who had a lack of love for their Saviour became anxious to confess Him openly. They prayed, with tears, that their faith might be strengthened.

Early the next morning, which was the Lord's Day, a bus brought me up to Nica, about thirty kilometers out of town in the country. There I had been invited to lead two meetings, at 2 P. M. and at 7 P. M. Now, from the bus to that place I had to walk four to five kilometers and to cross a river on the ice. When I arrived, it was about nine o'clock. I was cordially welcomed by Brother Sils and his family, who invited me into a little dining-room for breakfast, consisting of rye bread, butter, and milk. We had just had a word of prayer and sat down at the table, when a company of Christian friends of the neighborhood came in. There had been no meeting announced for the morning, but, knowing that the bus arrives early, they came for some spiritual food, and indeed, by the grace of our blessed Lord, we held a wonderful prayer meeting, where every partaker received his special blessings. Then we parted to meet again in the afternoon.

At two P. M. the meeting room was packed full. Not only were the seats taken, but the people were standing along the walls, on the walk, and at the door. I could see in their eager, uplifted faces that these people had indeed come with hunger for the Word of God. You can be sure that they were fed with the fatness of the fat, for He is faithful. The prodigals also received their food, and there was mercy for the lost sinners. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" . . . (Rom. 11:33-36).

In the evening service the room was yet more crowded, if possible. It was difficult to breathe. If we consider that it had been raining all that wintry day, with much snow and ice on the ground, and that many came from a distance of five to seven kilometers on a dark night for a gospel meeting, then we might learn something from these people and take them for an example. The Lord gave me a message from Revelation 20:1-3. John had the privilege of seeing this miracle, how the old Serpent was bound a thousand years. This is one of the great blessings of the millennium, that Satan shall deceive the nations no more. We can shout Alleluia and give praise unto the Lion of Juda, who has conquered death and hell! Can we imagine how great the rejoicing will be on the earth, when the mighty angel with a great chain in his hand shall lay hold on the dragon and bind him and cast him into the bot-

tomless pit! Oh, the Lord great and mighty hath prepared a marvelous way for His people to come out of the world and be saved for time and eternity! "How then shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3). The Holy Spirit wrought great blessings in the hearts of saints, and loosed sinners from the fetters of sin. At the close, I distributed free tracts and gospels.

In the morning, on Monday, Brother Sils brought me by horse and wagon about 15 kilometers distant to a place called "Strand Dorf" (village at the seashore). There I had promised to hold two nights of gospel meetings. In the evening, when we left the house to reach the little chapel, I was astonished at what I saw. From all directions people came, carrying their lamps with them in the darkness of the night. (The farmers here use a special kind of lamp when they go at night to see their cattle. These same lamps they use also when going to visit each other.) Now, there was nothing particular about these lamps, simple petroleum lamps, but when I saw through the black, dark night, all around the "Light-house," people coming up with their lamps, there immediately came to my mind the Lord's parable of the ten virgins (Matt. 25:1-13).

This first night, I spoke on Revelation 12:1-5, before a full house, and His grace, which was with me, saved sinners. The next night the Lord gave me to witness about the parable of the ten virgins. How needful it is for Christians to walk up to the Storehouse of Light, and fill up their vessels with new oil—the power of the Holy Ghost! How many of you have walked up to the Lighthouse time and time again, and have heard of the wonderful gospel light and its power to make children of God, and yet you went away, your vessels still empty? Why not fill them up tonight? Why not take the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour and King tonight, and become a happy child of God? "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb" (Rev. 19:9). How terrible will it sound in the ears of the foolish virgins in that day, when the Bridegroom shall answer them: "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." The Lord maifested Himself in a miraculous way that night and brought sinners out of the darkest night into His marvelous light. Only unto Him belongs all the glory.

I could also mention a little Russian meeting where I had a hearty welcome and where I could testify of His saving and keeping power; a children's meeting in Wirgas-muiza, with many of the little ones following Jesus and carrying the Light into their homes to their unbelieving parents; a large meeting at Paplaki, with an after-meeting and a company of men and women giving themselves to Christ; a number of prayer meetings, hospital work, and house-to-house visits.

I have an interesting case to relate to you. I found an old couple in a little cottage, on beds of sickness. They looked so miserable that I did not know how to comfort them. I turned to God's own Word and read to them what the Lord gave me. Soon their eyes were filled with tears and they confessed that they had been backsliders for many years. Once they had known the Lord, and His Word was precious to them, but they had been tempted by the things of this world. They forgot the Lord's command (John 14:15). Their worldly friends took them along the broad way and they rejoiced for a while in the things of this world. Where are their friends? Where is the wealth they gained? All is gone! Is nothing left? Yes, something—severe pain in their bodies, and an evil conscience, and all around them rags and dirt. O how poor a paymaster is the devil! There is no mercy with him. I read to them the story of the prodigal son (Luke 15:11-24) and I asked them whether they would like to remain in their present situation, or return to the Father. They wanted to return to their Father, and there was great "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10). Their faces were beaming when I left them and the Lord took care of them.

Please pray for a house of prayer in Nica, and for a deep revival in Latvia. Pray for myself and family.

A MESSAGE FROM AFRICA

A letter from Russians in Morocco and Algiers has come to *Vernost*.

In order to preserve their own interests and to subdue native tribes, France has, in Morocco and Algiers, what is known as the "International Legion." It was established 100 years ago, and consists of foreign young men. The only thing that is required of a young man, in order to be enrolled in this Legion, is that he must be healthy. No questions are asked about his former life, and a man can be

enrolled under an assumed name. If you ask a Legionaire why he is here, he usually declines to answer and acts as if he felt uncomfortable. Sometimes trifling reasons lead a young man to this place, some come because of unemployment, others come because they want to become French citizens, but most of them come because of a desire to leave their former life. Adventurers also are attracted to the life in Africa.

As soon as one is equipped in the uniform, all romantic dreams disappear and only bare and severe actualities are left. There are hard, exhausting marches under the burning rays of the sun. Bridges, fortresses, and new roads must be built by the Legionaires. After staying in the Legion for a few months, homesickness takes hold and one is possessed with the thought of running away. But, alas, these plans cannot be realized. French gendarmes are on the lookout for Legionaires in all the ports of Morocco and Algiers, and a reward is given for the capture of a Legionaire. In the Legion there are innocent people, and also terrible criminals—thieves and murderers, who are sought for by the police of various countries. In the Legion, a criminal is safe. There are also intelligent people in the Legion. To these, in their hopeless life, death is a desirable guest. If one enrolls in the Legion, there is no hope for freedom for at least five years, according to the contract. Life is monotonous, being deprived of any means of culture, and the sense of bondage is acute. Many Legionaires have no correspondence with their relatives and friends, because they are ashamed of their position. The discipline in the Legion is very strict. There is a saying that one who has not been in the Legion has not known real grief in this world.

In these Legions there are now about 700 Russian refugees. One of them writes as follows: "I am still a young man. I have no friends or relatives. I am going through the world as 'a wandering Jew.' It is almost unbearable for me here. I am tormented with loneliness. However, I believe that, with God's help, I will hold out to the end. I believe that the Lord will open the way for me again to see my beloved native country, Russia, and I believe that it will be spiritually regenerated. I hope to see its temples, fields, and towns. This one hope gives me courage to go through all the hardship of the Legion in Africa. My trust is in the Almighty God. My love for Russia and my hope to be back there again—these are the things which uphold me. Without this, life would be worthless for me."

These 700 Russians in Africa need our prayers and our help, at least with Scriptures and Christian literature. We are in a position to reach these people with our Christian love and aid.

Pray for the 5,000 copies of Dr. A. C. Gaebelein's recent book, "The Conflict of the Ages," presented to this number of Senators, Representatives, and big business men, that their eyes may be opened. Andrew Murray expresses a great truth when he says: "God rules the world and His church through the prayers of His people. That God should have made the extension of His kingdom to such a large extent dependent on the faithfulness of His people in prayer is a stupendous mystery, and yet an absolute certainty. God calls for intercessors; in His grace, He has made His work dependent on them; He waits for them. Oh, let us begin, as never before, to pray for our children, for the souls around us, and for all the world! And not only because we love them, but especially because God longs for them, and gives us the honor of being the channels through whom His blessing is brought down."

The Happy Day

John Thomson, the Cockenzie fisherman, has told how when the revival of 1859 came he began to realize that he was a sinner needing salvation. In agony of soul he went to many meetings, but got no help.

"The way was growing darker every day; and things continued like this till one morning, when I was standing in the boat, the text came to my mind: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16: 31).

"The Word was in the power of the Holy Ghost, and I said, 'Lord, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour,' and from that moment my burden rolled away, and I began to sing, 'Oh, happy day that fixed my choice.' "

Meditation on the Word of God is the chief means of our growth in grace. It is a thriving soul that finds the Book of God growing more precious.

—*Robert C. Chapman.*

Statement of Receipts for January, 1934

Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount
13872	$ 2.00	13918	25.00	13964	5.00	14010	1.00
13873	3.00	13919	5.00	13965	1.00	14011	2.00
13874	1.00	13920	5.00	13966	1.00	14012	5.00
13875	10.00	13921	1.00	13967	5.00	14013	5.00
13876	2.50	13922	1.00	13968	5.00	14014	5.00
13877	5.00	13923	25.00	13969	25.00	14015	1.00
13878	1.00	13924	2.50	13970	1.00	14016	10.00
13879	40.00	13925	1.00	13971	5.00	14017	1.00
13880	2.00	13926	40.00	13972	2.00	14018	15.00
13881	30.00	13927	1.00	13973	1.00	14019	12.50
13882	2.00	13928	1.00	13974	10.00	14020	1.00
13883	1.00	13929	1.00	13975	10.00	14021	5.00
13884	5.00	13930	1.00	13976	50.00	14022	12.00
13885	1.00	13931	25.00	13977	1.00	14023	100.00
13886	10.00	13932	5.00	13978	20.00	14024	5.00
13887	4.00	13933	1.00	13979	11.00	14025	25.00
13888	10.00	13934	10.00	13980	25.00	14025A	5.00
13889	10.00	13935	100.00	13981	5.00	14026	5.00
13890	1.00	13936	2.00	13982	1.00	14027	2.00
13891	2.00	13937	5.05	13983	20.00	14028	3.00
13892	2.00	13938	1.00	13984	20.00	14029	85.00
13893	40.00	13939	10.00	13985	1.08	14030	10.00
13894	25.00	13940	97.00	13986	1.00	14031	1.00
13895	1.00	13941	1.00	13987	5.00	14032	229.00
13896	1.00	13942	1.00	13988	10.00	14033	1.25
13897	2.00	13943	1.00	13989	1.00	14034	20.00
13898	5.00	13944	5.00	13990	1.00	14035	1.00
13899	20.00	13945	20.00	13991	46.00	14036	1.00
13900	5.00	13946	5.00	13992	1.00	14037	1.00
13901	5.00	13947	40.00	13993	5.00	14038	2.00
13902	1.00	13948	5.00	13994	20.00	14039	10.00
13903	2.00	13949	2.00	13995	1.00	14040	15.00
13904	1.00	13950	11.00	13996	1.00	14041	1.00
13905	2.00	13951	10.00	13997	5.00	14042	.50
13906	2.00	13952	5.00	13998	5.00	14043	2.10
13907	10.00	13953	25.00	13999	25.00	14044	30.00
13908	1.00	13954	5.00	14000	70.00	14045	5.00
13909	10.00	13955	7.00	14001	1.00	14046	5.00
13910	21.61	13956	8.00	14002	1.00	14047	5.00
13911	10.00	13957	10.00	14003	25.00	14048	1.00
13912	21.00	13958	10.00	14004	1.00	14049	5.00
13913	28.32	13959	5.00	14005	1.00	14050	.85
13914	10.00	13960	5.00	14006	1.00	14051	5.00
13915	25.00	13961	5.00	14007	1.00	14052	1.00
13916	1.00	13962	1.00	14008	1.00	Of this amount, $83.50 is for The European Harvest Field.	
13917	10.00	13963	1.00	14009	100.00		

WE HAVE just received from the publishers, Prof. Vladimir Martsinkovski's book, "With Christ in Soviet Russia." It gives a Russian Christian's personal experiences of the power of the gospel in freedom and in prison. $1.25 per copy, postpaid. May be ordered from office of the Fellowship, 1213 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.